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J. Hart Brittain, Manager.

GEORGETOWN ATHLETICS.

The Students Give an Interesting Exhibition of Their Skill.

The track and field sports held by the students of Georgetown College yesterday, though nothing of an astonishing nature was done, were of an exceedingly interesting character.

The forecast of results given by The Times yesterday proved correct in nearly every instance. The 100-yard and 200-yard dashes were won by Fox—the first in 0:10.3 and the second in 0:24.3.5. Fleming was second in the 100-yard dash and Walsh was second in the 200-yard dash.

Devereux won the 120-yard hurdle race in 0:21, with Fleming second. The 200-yard hurdle race was won by Fox; McAnery second, in 0:30.4.5.

The 440-yard dash held captured second in 0:59, Devereux coming second and Douglas third. Holt also took the 880-yard race, with Devereux again second and Douglas third in 2:24.

Douglas took the mile run in 4:53, with Guller second and Walsh third, while the mile walk went to Cameron in 8:32.1, with Sullivan second and Fink third.

The bicycle race fell to Taggart. The two miles were covered in 7:10; Romadka was second.

Those finished the track events. In the sixteen-pound hammer throwing, even Doyle was first with 73 feet 10 inches; McCrease second with 68 feet 2 inches, and Shea third with 65 feet 8 inches.

The running mile jump went to Fleming, who had marked to his credit 19 feet 3.2 inches; McAnery was second with 18 feet 3 inches, and Walsh third with 17 feet 3 inches. The high jump went to Dillon, with 5 feet 2.1 inches. Dillon won at pole vaulting, clearing 8 feet 6 inches. Fleming was second.

There were seven competitors in the contest at putting the sixteen-pound shot, and it was a good one all through. Doyle won with 35 feet, 11 inches; McLaughlin was second with 34 feet 10 inches, and Shea third with 34 feet 6 inches.

GENERAL SPORTING NOTES.

An inquiry as to the whereabouts of the men who went to Europe in 1874 as members of the famous old baseball combination has brought out the following: McVey is in California; Al Spaulding, New York and Chicago; Kent, Concord, N. H.; Ross Barnes, Chicago; Harry Schafer, George Wright and Andy Leonard, Boston; Jim O'Rourke, Bridgeport, Conn.; Tom Beals, Nevada; Harry Wright, Philadelphia, now dead. Of the Athletics of Philadelphia, John Chapp is a policeman in Haver, N. Y.; Dick McBride, West Field, John Seewerdt, Mike McGeary, are in Philadelphia; Al Gedeon, New York; A. C. Anson, Chicago; John McCallen, dead; Joe Batten, Utica; T. H. Murane, Boston.

It is probable that the Amateur Athletic Union, at its meeting at New York November 21, will attempt to take control of the football played by amateur athletic association teams. In several of the large athletic clubs there is a disposition to ignore the rules of amateur sports. Football men who have been paid either for coaching or playing will be barred from A. A. U. contests. They have been barred from A. A. U. contests. They have been barred from A. A. U. contests. They have been barred from A. A. U. contests.

Miss Annie B. Porter, of Chicago, holds the ladies' century record of 7 hours 18 minutes and 31 seconds.

He Was Extravagant.

He—It doesn't seem possible, dearest, that just one week from tonight you will be my own, sweet little wife. You have met me—don't you?—But (sweetly) if you are always as good to me as you have been during our engagement, I shall have cause to complain.

She—Indeed, you have. Why, just look at the lovely engagement ring you have met me—don't you?—But (sweetly) if you are always as good to me as you have been during our engagement, I shall have cause to complain.

He—Indeed, you have. Why, just look at the lovely engagement ring you have met me—don't you?—But (sweetly) if you are always as good to me as you have been during our engagement, I shall have cause to complain.

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THEY ARE BACK-ENEMBERS

Members of Congress Who Will Be Conspicuous by Absence.

TO FILL HOLMAN'S PLACE

"Silver-Dollar" Bland and Tim Campbell Are No More—Col. Breckinridge a Past Issue—Wilson a Cabinet Officer and "Buck" Kilgore Has a Judgeship—Jerry Simpson Also Out.

The time for the meeting of the Fifty-fourth Congress is awaited with much interest. The new Congress will be conspicuous for one thing at least—the absence of many old and familiar faces—faces that have shown radiantly in the lower house, particularly for a quarter of a century, if not longer.

First of all, and probably the best known member of the house, who was left at home is Hon. William S. Holman, of the Fourth Indiana district. He has been in Congress for thirty years. He was first elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress, and with the exception of the Thirty-ninth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses, he has served as a member of the lower house ever since. For many years he has borne the sobriquet of "Watch Dog of the Treasury." He may have saved millions for Uncle Sam, but he never saved a dollar out of the \$100,000 he has drawn down in salary during his thirty years in Congress. Mr. Holman is now seventy-three years of age, and notwithstanding his long service in Congress and the many opportunities he must have had to become rich, he left the house a poorer man than when he entered it thirty-six years ago.

Col. Breckinridge, who has represented the Eighth Missouri district in Congress for the last twenty-two years, is another old and familiar face that will be found missing in the next House. He is the father of the "Bland Silver Dollar," and has been the leader of the silver forces in the House ever since the white metal became an issue.

The trouble with Bland was that he rode his hobby to death. Even his constituents grew weary of his silver songs, and last November decided to turn him into Congress. Judge James E. Cobb, of Georgia, who became famous for his "where am I at" speech in the Fifty-second Congress, was a disappointed candidate for the Fifty-third Congress, but since that memorable speech he has been one of the best-known men in the House.

Col. William C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who represented the Seventh district of that State for ten years, was defeated for re-election by a disgusting constituency a year ago. It was after his famous trial for breach of promise, in which Madeline Pollard figured as prosecutrix.

It was a desperate fight, and one that will always be remembered in Kentucky.

Col. Breckinridge was known as the "silver-tongued orator." He is one of the greatest and most entertaining talkers who have occupied a seat in the lower house of Congress for years. He was a man of considerable influence among his fellow members of the House.

Timothy J. Campbell, of the Ninth New York district, is a character who will not be seen in the next House. Tim was first elected to the Forty-ninth Congress to fill the seat of Samuel S. Cox, who resigned to accept the mission to Turkey during President Cleveland's first term. He was re-elected to the Fifty-first, Fifty-third, Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses, but was turned down by Tammany Hall for Harry C. Miner, the well-known actor and theatrical manager.

Wilson and Bryan.

Prof. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, the author of the present tariff bill, who has represented the Second district of that State in the House for the last twenty years, is another who was caught out in the wet last November. He is still in public life through the kindness of Grover Cleveland. He is a member of the President's official family, being the chief dispenser of patronage at the post-office picnic.

William Jennings Bryan, of Lincoln, Neb., is another statesman, who, while only in Congress two terms, became rather famous. Although now only 35 years of age, he was one of the finest orators in the House.

Speaker Crisp took such a liking to the younger that he made him a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and he proved himself a very valuable assistant to Chairman Wilson. Bryan is a rabid free trader, and the Wilson bill, which passed the House, did not suit him.

He had his way he would have free-traded nearly everything. While a Democrat, he was in the House, and his administration in many things, and that probably accounts for his not being in the next House. He became involved in a fight for the re-election of the President against the culture Morton and got the worst of the fight.

HE WAS A CUCKOO.

William M. Springer, who represented the Thirtieth Illinois district in the lower House of Congress for twenty years, was side-tracked last November. He belonged to the small coterie of "Cleveland Cuckoos." After his defeat for re-election the President appointed him to a life judgeship down in Oklahoma.

The Honorable Constantine Buckley Kilgore of Texas served eight years in the House from the Third district of the Lone Star State. He was noted for his kicking and objecting abilities. He was an adjunct general in the Confederate army. His hatred for Union soldiers was so intense that he was impossible to get a bill through the House for the relief of them when "Buck" as he was familiarly called, was present. He was not in Congress long until he became known as the "Great Objector," taking Father Holman's place.

During the exciting day of the Fifty-third Congress, when Speaker Reed was endeavoring to secure a quorum, "Buck," who was locked in the Chamber during the "roll call" hour, had the door unlocked and walked out. While doing his kicking act, Dingley, of Maine, who was on the opposite side of the door, received a blow in the face from the door. Reed opened the door and a mark on his nose appeared as a reminder of that little episode. "Buck" kicked himself out of Congress, but Kilgore, of Illinois, he landed in an Oklahoma judgeship.

Another noted statesman will be conspicuous for his absence. He is Jerry Simpson, the "Backless Secretary," of Medicine Lodge, Kansas. Jerry, it will be remembered, came to Congress on the tidal wave of 1890. He was elected by the "Buck" party of "Bleeding Kansas" with the aid of the Democrats.

Homeopathic.

Mowler—I see some philosopher says that to cure yourself of a love affair is to run away. Do you believe?

Cynical—Certainly, if you run away with the girl—Truth.

An Improvement.

Precher—Yes, my brethren, there is only one thing more beautiful, more important than to have faith in humanity, and that is to have faith in the devil.

Hearty Stock Broker (in a whisper)—To get humanity to have faith in you—Truth.

His Natural State.

"What makes your husband so sober tonight?" said Mrs. Kidford, who was trying to make herself agreeable to Mrs. Cuno.

"My husband, madam," replied Mrs. Cuno severely, "doesn't drink."—Judge.

ALL IN GEORGIOUS ARRAY

Continued from First Page.

was stationed in the gallery at the north-east corner of the church. Under the direction of Walter Damsch they filled in the three-quarters of an hour before the arrival of the bride party with the following selections:

Overture, "Leonore," N. III, Beethoven. "Ave Maria," Gounod.

Introduction third set, "Lohengrin," Wagner.

Predella, "Die Meistersinger," Wagner. Adagio from "Symphony," Tchaikovsky.

At 12 o'clock the officiating clergy, attended by their clerical assistants, entered the vestry room. Bishop Littlejohn, who officiated, followed by Bishop Potter and the Rev. John Wesley Brown, rector of the church, took their stations at the altar, and waited the arrival of the bride and bridegroom.

At a few minutes before 12 o'clock carriages containing the bride, her mother and the bridesmaids drove up to the church. The bride party at once went to the small room at the left of the entrance, where the last touches were put on the

gowns, and everything was in readiness for the ceremony.

William K. Vanderbilt reached the church on the minute of 12 o'clock. He drove down from the Metropolitan Club, and escorted his daughter to the altar. When all was ready for the ceremony the church was closed, and no one was allowed to enter whether or not they were provided with a card.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was escorted up the center aisle to the front part of the church, where she occupied with her other children. The bride procession formed in the south aisle, and the ceremony of the bride was performed.

WEDDING PROCESSION.

The Duke of Marlborough with his best man, his cousin, the Hon. Ivor Guest, entered the church from the vestry room and took their seats at the right of the altar, and a white Ascot tie, patent leather shoes and white gloves.

The ushers marched up the side aisles, gowns, and everything was in readiness for the ceremony.

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sisters to the marriage of her daughter caused much talk but little surprise.

A large crowd gathered about Mrs. Vanderbilt's house in the morning and watched narrowly all the goings on there. There was as usual a predominance of women. A squad of police were on hand to prevent and disorder and to protect the family and guests from annoyance.

The house was profusely decorated for the reception to follow the wedding. The halls were filled with palms and ferns.

A Hungarian orchestra was stationed under the staircase, screened from view by a network of hanging vines. The bride and bridegroom received the guests in the main drawing room, standing beneath a large bell of filices of the valley. Bushes of chrysanthemums and roses and banks and wreaths of cut flowers were arranged about the house.

SERVICE OF GOLD.

The wedding breakfast was served in the large dining-room. Eighteen covers were laid at the table of the bride party. The service was of gold.

Each guest received the customary wedding cake in a small box, having on its cover a coronet and the letters C. and M. intertwined.

One hundred were present at the breakfast. They included the clergy, several representatives of the British Legation at Washington, the bride party and their immediate families and Miss Vanderbilt's nearest friends.

HOW TRAMP ACTORS LIVE.

Ekke Out a Livelihood.

I ran across a curious character—such a one as would have delighted Dickens—in a Pennsylvania town the other day.

He stood on an empty packing box at a street corner early in the evening. A crowd of 100 or more persons surrounded him, and he was the center of attraction.

He was dressed in shabby blue flannel clothes. His head was bare. As I approached I noticed that he was grinning broadly and that his voice was raised in impassioned speech.

"An itinerant preacher," I thought. But when I drew nearer I found that he was not a preacher at all, but a tramp actor.

He was declaiming Shakespeare, and his audience was hanging upon his words with breathless interest. I joined the crowd.

Presently he paused, and he would give them a bit of Roman history. In well-chosen words, with great terseness, he told the story of Caesar's life, and then played the part of the traitor from the tragedy of Cassius and Brutus, in which the lean and hungry oratorics his gentle brother against the tyrant.

The delivery of the ideas was superb. I know of no living American actor who could speak them with more dramatic power or poetic appreciation. The elocution was correct enough to satisfy the requirements even of Alfred Ayres, while feeling, imagination and keen understanding of the exact value of thought and word were conspicuous.

And what a voice! It seemed as if Forrest's throat and lungs had been reproduced by nature. Powerful, resonant, deep, with notes whose richness and vibration resembled a cathedral organ, the voice of that street reciter delighted and amazed.

Beneath his spell newshyrs sat on the curb and listened his speech to the groans, cries, workmen, shop girls, all stood entranced.

Other selections from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet" followed. Between the reciter entertained the crowd with extemporaneous remarks, enlivened with wit and weighed with philosophy. Then he took up a collection, and nickels, dimes and quarters dropped plentifully into his battered hat.

When the people dispersed I called the man aside and interviewed him for the Mirror, for he was palpably an actor, in spite of his rascals.

"By the grace of God," he said. "What do you do for this?"

"Have you tried to get an engagement?" "Yes, in New York. You can get typhoid fever there—anything, except an engagement."

"Have you played recently?" "I followed half a dozen repertoire companies to a disastrous finish."

"I should say so! The last time was in Texas. I tramped back to New York."

And took their stations in front of and at either side of the church. The bridesmaids led the bride procession, walking two and two in the following order:

Miss Catherine Dine and Miss Elsie Brown; Miss Laura Jay and Miss May Goelet; Miss Edith Post and Miss Marie Whitford; Miss Edith Morton and Miss Evelyn Burden.

Then came Mrs. Vanderbilt on the arm of her father, and carrying in her left hand the bride bouquet.

The bridesmaids took positions at either side of the church. The bridegroom stepped forward and took the right hand of Mrs. Vanderbilt and led her to the church steps.

The marriage rite of the Episcopal Church followed, Bishop Littlejohn officiating.

Immediately after he had given his daughter away Mr. Vanderbilt quietly left the church.

When the marriage ceremony was over the Duke and his bride went to the vestry room and signed the marriage registry. At the same time each of the bridesmaids took a basket of posies and marched back up the aisle, distributing them among the guests.

As the Duke and his bride re-entered the church the orchestra played the wedding march from Tannhauser.

The bridesmaids returned to the chancel and the bride party marched down the aisle, the ushers leading. The bridesmaids followed them and then came the Duke and his bride. After them came Mrs. Vanderbilt on the arm of Mr. Guest.

The party immediately entered the carriage and drove to Mrs. Vanderbilt's house, where the reception and breakfast followed.

CONSPICUOUS ABSENCES.

One feature of the wedding which has excited much comment was the fact that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Vanderbilt's family were invited either to the church or to the breakfast.

Cornelius Vanderbilt's house is closed. He and his family are in Newport, and will not return to town for a few days.

Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, Mr. Vanderbilt's sister, and her daughter, Miss Edith Shepard, sailed for Europe to-day. George Vanderbilt, F. W. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt were not at the church.

The reason for this absence of the Vanderbilt family is said to have its foundation in the coolness between Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and the Vanderbilt family as the result of her recent divorce from her husband. The fact that Mrs. Vanderbilt did not invite her husband's brothers and

Not Likely.

Elsie—Yes, dear, my husband is a doctor and a jolly fellow, but he is awfully absent-minded.

Ada—Indeed!

Elsie—Only fancy. During the marriage ceremony when he gave me the ring, he felt my pulse and asked me to put out my tongue.

Ada—Well, he won't do the latter again.

London Tid-Bits.

The Degenerate Novelist.

Beneath a sheltering needle of rain, he writes those grisly tales and grim, thickened and depressed.

Aprintrose by a river's brink.

A yellow autumn day, and he has heard the fact that Mrs. Vanderbilt did not invite her husband's brothers and

And it is nothing less.

LOCAL ATHLETIC GOSSIP

Football Men Are Still Wrangling Over Old Scores.

Contracts Between the Leading Teams Will Be Few and Far Between Unless a Truce Is Patched Up.

The Columbian University yesterday sent to Mr. Robert Dick Douglas, manager of the field and track department of Georgetown College, two more entries for intercollegiate races to take place on Saturday. They are Wolfkuhler and Campbell. Both are sprinters.

Wolfkuhler is said to be a very fast man. It is not expected by the Columbians that he will beat Weber, but